PART 2

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TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

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A LITTLE JAUNT INTO AFRICA

Al-Jezair, the Capital of Algeria—Mosques and Marabouts, Synagogues and Protestant Churches, Amicably Side by Side.

Special Correspondence.

Algiers, April 27.—We have been hovering so long between Europe and Africa, expecting from day to day to cross the dividing Mediterranean, but detained by some new interest, that now it is hard to realize we are at last in the land of the Moors and Arabs. It seems like the phantasmagoria or a dream—the strange things we are seeing in Al Jezair, (Arabic for "the islands"), the queer old city which an Arab chief built for his stronghold nearly a thousand years ago and which foreigners call Algiers. And the curious costumes that are constantly passing through its narrow streets—the motley throngs of many races—the confusion of tongues, which puts to shame the time-worn comparison of Babel's tower. Arabs stalk slomenly by, tall, erect of magnificent bearing and with handsome features, dark, sombre eyes and skins like polished bronze; their heads always covered, the white capote of the bernouse folded just above the eye-brows and held secure by a thick cord of camel's hair, wound several times around the forehead. Arab women are also enveloved in white from head to feet, like stage ghosts, with one bright eye shining out like a star, the only sign of difference in worldly station being greater fineness in the texture of the haik and bernouse. The Moors are simply Arabs who live in towns and have intermarried with other races. They have the same straight features, oval faces and clear brown skins, but of lighter shade than their nomad relatives. They wear a piece of muslin, wound turban fashion, around the little red shashea, or skullcap, a jacket of brightly colored cloth, and two richly embroidered waist-coats, full trousers, bare legs and large, loose shoes. Their women, like the fair Arabians, are never seen out of doors without the all-enveloping haik and bernouse; but we know that underneath the ugly wrapping is a short-sleeved gauze chemise, wide trousers, naked

FEET IN YELLOW

babouches, or slippers, and a little velvet cap, covered with embroidery set coquettishly on one side of the beautiful black hair, which is simply knotted low at the back of the head. All of them wear many barbaric jewels—pearls, emeralds, saphires, diamonds—the finest gems, but rudely set, often merely pierced through the middle and strung on a pack-thread. Next in number are the Berbers, or Kabyles, distinguished by their woolen bernouses, striped black and white, like convict-cloth, their leather aprons, and bare heads, often shaved. They are much more industrious than the Arabs and are the artisans of the country, said to acquire any trade with remarkable facility. Equally numerous are the Hebrew brethren, with the same unmistakable features that characterize them the wide world over—small, shrewd eyes, set too near the prominent nose, greasy skins and greasier clothes, shuffling between their synagogues and places of business. The population of Algiers is stated as seventy thousand, of which number twenty thousand are French, (the present owners of the province) and about as many of other European nations; the remaining thirty thousand being equally divided between Jews and native tribes. And those above enumerated are but a few of the mongrel races that shoulder us as we toil up the steep Arab streets and wander through the ever-amusing bazaars. There are Bedaweens of the desert driving long files of heavily-laden asses; Biskris, like the porters of Constantinople, each struggling under a load which would stagger a mule; Zibanis, or water-carriers, with the shining brass jars poised upon their shoulders; Mzabi, sitting behind their stalls of oranges, water-melons and palm leaves, or by their tiny cooking-shops, in which infinitessimal bits of meat are forever sezzling on little skewers, set upright in a row, for the temptation of passers-by; Larocastle, or dealers in oil, who have no need to advertise their wares beyond that they carry on their garments; Maltis, with their great sacks of wheat, beside which the wearied camels are resting—occasionally growling and showing their teeth, like savage dogs, when irritated by jostling crowds; soldiers off duty, sauntering about in gaudy uniforms; French gentlemen of leisure in their absurd morning costumes; English tourists, cool, clean and indifferent; Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Maltese, all jabbering their native idioms; and many other representatives of diverse tribes and nations, each widely separated from all the others in habits, religion and modes of thought. The streets of Algiers are always packed with a moving panorama of absorbing interest—especially in the early mornings, when buyers and sellers are in full activity around the markets and bazaars, a little later in the vicinity of mosques and synagogues, and at noonday at the fountains where the natives come to refresh themselves when the fervid sun has driven Europeans to the shelter of their houses.

As everybody knows, Algiers has belonged to France about seventy years, after centuries of mis-government by a long succession of Turkish deys. Built in amphitheatrical fashion the slopes of the Sehal, as the chain of hills is called that follows the coast for a considerable distance—the first view of it from the sea is most imposing. It looks from a distance like a series of dazzling white terraces, rising straight up out of the water in the form of a triangle, whose apex is Casbah, the ancient fortress of the deys, five hundred feet above the harbor. The houses are all of snowy stone, square and massive, with plain facades; and standing one above another, on

DIMINISHING TERRACES.

The outline of the white city has been aptly compared to that of a ship under sail. Its dazzling whiteness, contrasted with the dense greenery surrounding it explains the Arab saying, that "Al-Jazair is a diamond set in emeralds." The shores of the bright blue bay in front are dotted with elegant French villas, Moorish palaces and suburban hamlets, amid the richest verdure; and beyond the green plain of Metidj slopes gradually upward to the distant Atlas mountains, whose snowy summits form a magnificent background to one of the loveliest pictures on the borders of the Mediterranean. The particular hill of the Sehal chain on which Algiers is built, if five hundred feet high, and named Mount Bonjarin, the ancient citadel on top dominating all the surrounding region. Naturally, the town is divided into two parts, as distinct as if they lay on opposite sides of the world—the lower and newer part being essentially French; the upper, Moorish as in the days of its builder, the desert chieftain. The whole is enclosed within an embattled wall, thirty feet high and twelve feet thick, the extraordinary strength of which is further increased by four great castles and casemated batteries. The wall is pierced by five gateways, two on the seaward side, two on the landward, and the other leading up to the citadel.

At first glance, one pays no attention to the European port, but sees only the Moorish capital above it, with its medieval castle, its slender mimarets and picturesque towers, and its square-built, prison-like houses, in which occasional slits, protected by iron railings, do duty for windows. It is known as the "marabout" quarter, and nobody lives in it but Moors and Arabs. The streets are narrow, winding and inconceivably dirty; but they have one advantage above the wider streets of the modern town—that of coolness, being always in shadow. In the evenings all the native inhabitants repair to their flat roofs to enjoy the sea- breezes; while "the infidels," as by them all Europeans are classed, promenade the sea-wall and colonnades. To all outward appearance, the people of the upper town live precisely as they did in the time of the deys; except that now there are fewer places of worship and the muezzin no longer calls the faithful to prayer from the minarets. When the French took the place, (in 1830), it had upwards of a hundred mosques and marabouts. The latter are merely sanctuaries of the Arab saints, each a small domed structure containing a tomb, which is protected by a wooden grating, before which Mahomet's "true believers" pray. The mosques are divided into two classes—djamas and mesjids, which bear about the same relation to each other as a cathedral to its parochial churches. There are now but four mosques regularly used for Mahommedan worship in Algiers. These are all accessible to Europeans; but out of deference to the feelings of those who own them, and who

PROSTRATE THEMSELVES

flat on the floor during prayer, unbelievers should at least remove their shoes before entering. To go in shod, would seem to the devout and serious-minded Moors and Arabs more of a desecration than to us for a man to set in church with his hat on his head. The Grand Mosque, or Djamaa el-Kebir, is the oldest in Algeria, having been built early in the eleventh century. An inscription on its pulpit, in cufic characters, proves the fact that it existed before the year 1018, while a marble slab in one of its walls records that the minaret was built by Abou Tachfin, king of Tlemcen, in 1324. The interior is a great whitewashed hall, divided into aisles by columns, united by semi-circular Moorish arches. These columns are wrapped around with straw matting, to a height of five or six feet; and the same covers the floor. At one end is the mihrab, a niche in the wall, which serves to indicate the direction in which Mecca lies. The general appearance is bare as a country school house, the only decoration being some hanging lamps above the mimbar, or pulpit for the imam—if we except the collection of shoes, of all sizes and degrees of dust and raggedness, left at the entrance while the owners are flat on their faces within. One part of the mosque serves as a court of justice, as in older times, where ordinary cases are heard by the cadi. The exterior has a row of white marble columns supporting an arcade, in the center of which, directly in front of the entrance, stands a marble fountain.

The new mosque, Djamaa el-Ajedid, is in the lower town, close by the Place du Govuernement. Tradition says that it was built in 1660, by a Genoese architect, who was subsequently

PUT TO DEATH

by the dey, because he dared to fashion it in the form of a Geek coss. It is an ugly affair, for the perpetration of which any architect ought to suffer punishment. The inside is bare and whitewashed, with mats round the columns and on the floors. Outside, a huge white cupola answers for a central dome, and four smaller cupolas are at the corners. As in all other mosques, close to the front door is a fountain, which Mohammedans use for their ablutions before prayer. It has a square minaret, perhaps a hundred feet high, which contains an illuminated clock.

More interesting than any mosque in Algiers is the "marabout" of Sidi Abd-er-Rahman-eth-Thelebi, containing the tomb of that saint of the ponderous cognomen, who died in the years that Columbus made famous by his western discoverers. Around him are buried several pachas and deys, commencing with Khadar Pacha, who gave up the ghost in 1605, and ending with Ahmed, last dey of Constantine. Lights are kept perpetually burning on the saint's tomb, which is hung with many-hued silken draperies; while suspended from the roof are various offerings, such as jewelled lamps, embroidered banners, ostrich eggs, and fruits strung on wires. Next to the Grand Mosque, it is the oldest religious edifice in Algiers—of course, always excepting the tomb of Sidi-Okaba, near Biskra, which dates from the seventh century.

The defenses of Algiers furnish a week's study. Chief of the ancient fortifications, and most interesting of all, is the citadel, or Kasba, overtopping everything. It was built by Aroudi, five hundred years ago, on the site of an older fortress. Its history is the subsequent history of Algiers down to the conquest, at which period it was still the palace of the deys and had two hundred pieces of artillery. Within its walls the last dey gave to the French consul that now

HISTORICAL BLOW

with his fan, which cost him his kingdom. After the siege, the castle was much injured by the French, who cut a road right through the center of it, turned its mosque into a barrack, and appropriated the rest of the building to military purposes. The French found enromous treasures here, stored in vaults, traces of which are yet to be seen and the ancient door lined with sheet-iron. The wooden gallery, where the beacon and banner of Islam were displayed, still exists; also a beautiful minaret and some marble columns and arches. But the historical pavilion, where the coup d' eventail was given has fallen to decay, and the walls have despoiled of their exquisite tiles.

The Fort de l'Empereur—so called from being built on the spot where Charles V pitched his camp during his disatsrous attack on Algeria—was built by Hassan-Pacha, in 1554. It stands outside the walls, but is connected with the Kesba by secret passages. General de Bourmont was in it when he received the capitaulation of the dey of Algiers. The French blew it up a little later, and it is now used as a prison for offending officers. The Fort des Anglais was built about a hundred years ago and as a protection against future bombardments by the English. Then there is the Fort de l'Eau, the Fort Matifou, the Fort Pescade, Fort Neuf, and a dozen others. Fort Bab-Azoun, now connected with the line of waterworks, was built by Hussein-Pacha, and is a military prison. It was surrounded by a wall of enormous thickness pierced with loopholes, and with battlements alon, but has lately been almost entirely destroyed to make room for modern improvements.

The French line of defensive works, consisting of ramparts parapets and ditch, strengthened by bastions, commences above the ancient citadel and extends down to the sea on either side, a distance of more than a thuosnd feet, in all. Inside is a space of 150 acres. Later improved means of attack have rendered these expensive fortifications almost useless, and their demolition is merely a question of time. The peninsula of the admiralty is also strongly fortified, and important isolated works crown all the adjacent hills, each well armed with modern artillery.

THE "NEWS" REINAUGURATES "THE PONY EXPRESS."

This photo, taken by Thomas, the Ogden photographer, shows the rapid riders who deliver the Evening News in Ogden every night, receiving it from the Pony Express service at Farmington. Messrs. Edwins and Ransom, who occupy the center of the group, are in charge of the quick ride from the terminus of the "dummy" line in Farmington to Ogden City.

Old timers in Salt Lake who thought the days of the Pony Express had vanished forever, and new timers who had no idea that they would ever have a chance to behold their return, will be equally surprised when they learn that the ponies and their riders are back with us once more, though, of course, they occupy a field much less ambitious than in the old days when they served as the means of mail communication between Salt Lake and "the states," both east and west.

Necessity has brought about the revival of the old institution by the Deseret News, and the route covered by its riders is from Farmington to Ogden, a distance of either 18 or 20 miles, according to the route traversed.

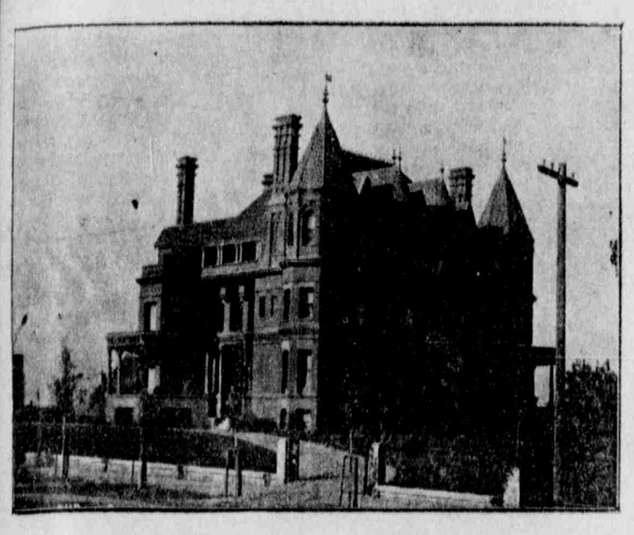
It may seem strange that an institution like the "News" should be driven to employ horseflesh to convey its papers to its subscribers in Ogden, with two railroad lines running from that city to this, and back again several times a day. But there are stranger things than this in the mysterious thing known as railroad schedules. For years the time tables of both roads between this city and Ogden have been adjusted on a sort of hit and miss principle that seemed to have one end in view, to hit the "News" and miss the morning papers.

If the latter had had the making up of the schedule, it could not have suited them better or the "News" worse. Once, long ago, the wishes of Cache county people used to be regarded so that they were given a down train in the morning and an up train at night, thus enabling them to enjoy what rural communities everywhere else in the land are accorded, a chance for a day's visit and shopping in the metropolis, and a return to their homes the same day. This enabled the "News" to reach its Ogden patrons at a seasonable hour, and was entirely satisfactory. The schedule was speedily changed, however, as much to the disappointment of the people of the north generally, as to the Deseret News, and ever since that time people in Ogden who wished the "News"—and it is a pleasant fact that there were many of them—have had to wait till very late candle light before their papers could be delivered. This was a decided inconvenience, but it might have been possible to struggle along under it, had it been continued. On June 2nd, however, the O. S. L. put another schedule into effect, by which the night train to Ogden out of Salt Lake was made to leave at 7 o'clock, half an hour later than before. This at once rendered it impossible for the "News" to retain its Ogden patronage, and forced the paper into a step which it had long been contemplating.

This was the striking off of an early edition to catch the 3:30 p. m. Salt Lake and Ogden train running to the Lagoon, and the employment of a corps of speedy horseback carriers to carry the papers from there on to Ogden. The ssytem has been in force now since June 1st, and is in good working order. The Ogden bundles are rushed to the Salt Lake and Ogden line at 3:30; the train arrives at the terminus in Farmington at 4:10; the express riders start at once for Ogden and arrive there nightly at from 6:39 to 6:45; the carriers, all mounted, gallop about town and their several routes are covered before 8 o'clock. On Saturday nights, the delivery is made a few minutes later, owing to the large number of extra subscribers for the Saturday issue, and the increased weight of the twenty-four page edition. On Saturdays it is necessary for the trip from Farmington to Ogden to be made with a wagon. Trial runs have been made with a cart and single horse, but a considerable saving of time is made by horseback, and without doubt this will be the means employed in the future.

Patrons of the "News" in Ogden, as well as in the several villages between Farmington and Ogden, (Kaysville, Layton and Riverdale) may therefore rely on having their papers at least an hour earlier, even than they received them under the old railroad schedule.

BEAUTIFUL OGDEN HOMES.



RESIDENCE OF D. H. PEERY.

This halftone represents the beautiful residence of Hon. D. H. Peery, "Virginia," which stands on Twenty-fourth and Adams streets. It was built early in the nineties, and is entirely of pressed brick and brown stone. It is finished in hardwood throughout, and on its fourth floor is a capacious dancing hall, capable of accommodating 50 couples. From its roof can be obtained a commanding view of nearly the whole county, and parts of adjoining counties. The grounds are most beautifully cultivated, and occupy in all six acres. The Peery homestead is one of the sights of Ogden, and the citizens of that wide awake burg, feel a pride in it almost equal to that of the owner himself.

THE MYSTERY AND DREAD OF DEATH.

If there is such a thing as being an authority on death, Thomas H. Andrews, surgeon to the bureaus of police and fire, should rank high as an expert. In the course of thirty-seven years of active practice he has conducted over 4,000 post-mortem examinations and has seen at least half that number of human beings die.

He talked freely on the subject of death yesterday, and in a most entertaining manner, if such a paradox is possible. "Death is as much of a mystery to me now as it was when I first saw a human being die.

"Nature is never so kind to man as when she is severing the ties that bind him to this earthly life. She removes all fear, ameliorates every harsh surrounding, softens every sound and smooths the narrow pathway to the grave with kindly hands. The easiest thing in life is to die."

"In your experience, Dr. Andrews," I asked, "have you ever found a case in which fear of death rose to the point where men fought and screamed at its approach?"

"Never. In severe sickness death comes in the guise of a welcome visitor. On the battlefield or as a result of accident or sudden shock, when it comes to a man swiftly, who but a moment before was in perfect health and who half an hour later will be lifeless, a fortitude which I cannot describe and have never been able to analyze sustains the victim."

"Do men and women of the higher grades of intelligence exhibit any different emotions as death approaches from those gifted with less mental power? Does the professional man or the scientist betray any different feelings or emotions from those exhibited by the day laborer, the peasant or the most ignorant of men?"

"No and yes," was the reply. "The scientist, the man or woman of keen intelligence and trained faculties, unless their lives have been conspicuous for an exhibition of faith in religion and its teachings, are slower to accept outside of the clergy, and particularly doctors and scientists generally are not inclined to believe or accept what they cannot demonstrate as a scientific fact. And yet, as a rule, these men and women willingly accept religious ministrations when death is only a matter of hours.

"I recall an instance during the war. One of the most distinguished men in the Confederacy was brought to me for treatment. I saw at once that his death was a matter of hours only. He was one of the most brilliant and charming men I ever met. I told him that he could not live and asked him if he desired to talk with a clergyman. He replied in a rather careless way that he did not feel disposed to change his views. That death, as he believed, ended all and there was no use of dragging religion in at the last hour.

"That was in the morning. He then felt strong and clear-headed. When I saw him in the afternoon he was weaker, and referring to our earlier conversation told me that he had been raised in the Methodist faith and that its teachings had left an impression on his mind. He asked me to send for a Methodist clergyman, which I did. When I saw him just before he died he told me what a comfort the talk with the minister had given him and that he now would face death with a braver heart than he could have done before.

"I merely cite this instance," said Dr. Andrews, "to show that there is nothing which influences a man so much in later life, and even in the death-hour, as the environment and teaching of his boyhood days. 'Jimmy' Logue, the notorious burglar and criminal, told me here in my office that a night never went over his head that he did not kneel down and say his prayers.

"Has there ever been any demonstration, physical or otherwise, on the part of all the hundreds whom you have seen on the threshold of death which you could interpret as a positive indication of a future life?"

"Not one."—Philadelphia Press.

HOUSE IN WHICH PRESIDENT CANNON DIED.

The above is a cut of the Finch House at Monterey, California, which will be rendered always memorable to the Latter-day Saints, because it was in this house that President George Q. Cannon breathed his last. The end came at twenty minutes past one o'clock on the morning of April 12, 1901. The venerable president was sitting in a chair near the center of the room he occupied during his sickness, when his spirit took its flight. The Finch house comands a view of the mighty Pacific. It was here that President Cannon sat every day and looked out over "old ocean's grey and melancholy waste," surrounded by his wife and sons.

The house is owned by Mr. J. W. Finch of Monterey, and occupies a beautiful site on a small eminence just west of the charming little Spanish town. Mr. Finch was formally a resident of Salt Lake City, having lived here in the early seventies. There are many Salt Lakers who remember him well.

President Cannon was taken to the Finch house only a few days before he died. But in that short time he endeared himself to the members of Mr. Finch's family and the residents of Monterey, who were fortunate enough to have met him.

EXPELLED CADETS FIGHT FOR REINSTATEMENT.

The cadets who were expelled from West Point for insubordination, when within a short time of graduation, refuse to accept their dismissal as final. Despite the assurance of Secretary of War Root that their case is hopeless, they are making strong efforts to secure political backing that will restore them to the army. Of course the cadets who escaped with a year's suspension will submit to their fate without public protest.

IN THE MILLIONAIRE'S PEWS

Interesting Practice of Ruralists Who Visit New York.

A New York reporter has discovered that country visitors to Gotham make a practice of picking out the pews of millionaires to sit in when they attend church in the city. He says the sexton of a prominent church looked grimly after a party of visitors.

"Well," said he, "they've got it the worst of anybody that's been here for a long while. I'll bet they're from Vermont. Somehow the folks from Vermont are always most set. It's a funny thing, anyway, to watch the visitors that come to this church. The first thing they all do is to look over the names of the pew owners, and then they go snooping up and down the aisles looking for the names of the fashionable people.

"As soon as they find the little tablet telling them that such a seat belongs to Mr. Blank you ought to hear them talk.

"'Oh, here's where Mr. Blank sits,' the say.

"And then they plump themselves down on Mr. Blank's cushions and wipe their shoes on Mr. Blank's footstool and flutter the leaves of Mr. Blank's prayer book. They seem to think that that ceremony takes them a good deal nearer heaven, or if not a passport into heaven it is at least a sort of introduction into high society.

"Once they had a discussion in this church as to the advisability of removing the silver plates from the pews. I fought the proposition tooth and nail.

"'If you do that,' said I, 'you'll have to look out for a new sexton, that's all. The visitors who like to cultivate the acquaintance of our millionaire parishioners by sitting in their church pews bother me enough as it is, with their endless chain of questions, and if all landmarks whereby they may guide themselves around were removed they'd pester the life clear out of me.'

"So they let the door plates stay. It's the out-of-town people who make the biggest ado over the millionaires' pews. Real New Yorkers never pay any attention to them, but I'll venture to say that half the country people that come to town on a visit make a pilgrimage to this church so they can boast, when they get home, about how they sat in Mr. Blank's pew."